

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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From the Ashtabula Sentinel.

HINTS TO THE GIRLS.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Did you never see a lady
Look into a stranger's face,
In an omnibus or rail-car!
As if saying—'Sir, your place?'

Did you never see a lady
Walk up to the church-pew door,
Lace and ribbons all demanding—
'Yield your pew!'—and nothing more.

Did you never see a lassie
Flirt into an old man's chair,
And, unheeding age or honor,
Let him stand—no matter where?

Never see the stage coach emptied
For some fidget in her pride,
And the weary man of business
Tumbled out to ride outside?

Never go to hear a lecture,
When some fashionable dear
Would come in and make a bustle
When you most desired to hear?

Routing half the congregation,
And disturbing all the rest,
As if she was all creation,
Being fashionably dressed?

Now, dear girls, if you're so thankless,
So exacting and so free,
Time will come when gents will answer,
'Ma'am, this seat belongs to me.'

Never, girls, disturb a lecture,
Church or hall, where'er you go,
Still respect the rights of others;
This is 'woman's rights,' you know.

Never ask a man abruptly
To resign his place;
If 'tis offered, thank him kindly,
With a smile upon your face.

If the way is long and weary,
And he cannot find another,
Bid him share the comfort with you,
As you'd share it with a brother.

Thus may you receive forever,
Given with a spirit free,
True respect and love and kindness,
Better far than gallantry.

In the granting of licenses thus far in New York for the present year, the number has decreased nearly two thousand below those licensed to sell last year.

Written for The Lily.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME, OR A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. A. H. DEVELLING.

"The saddest human look has hope in 't,
Faint, 'tis true; but still 'tis Hope;"
How true indeed is it "that every heart knows
its own bitterness;" and 'tis equally true, that
"None e'er mixed a cup of earthly sort,
That 't would not hold another drop of gall."
And yet there are some to whom we can point,
whose cup of sorrow would seem already filled to
overflowing, and that no other pang need be ad-
ded, to complete their portion of misery, of wretched-
ness and despair. None need be at a loss to
whom I refer, or to look further than the Drunkard's home, for a painful realization of the bitter
anguish and desolation of heart, that I have at-
tempted to describe. Who can look upon the
patient, but enduring wife, the worse than beggar-
ed children, and not feel his heart to melt with
pity over the ruined hopes, the blighted prospects,
the utter wreck of all earthly joys that the fell de-
mon, Rum, hath wrought? Alas! what unutter-
able despair, what hopeless desolation and misery
reign within such a home! How many of earth's
fairest and sweetest flowers have thus been torn
from the hot bed of affection and tender solicitude
where they were watched over and nurtured
with the most endearing care; and around whom
the rough winds were never permitted to blow too
rudely; how many, who, clinging with all the ar-
dor and warm devotion of a trusting heart to one
whom they deemed worthy, have, after a few brief
months, or it may be, years of trial, found alas!
that all their cherished hopes were as a bubble on
the rolling wave: burst and scattered forever!

From among the many such instances that
crowd upon my mind, I will attempt to trace a
brief outline of one or two, leaving the reader in
imagination to fill up the picture, as no pencil,
however skilled, can paint to the life in scenes like
these.

Emily Z.—was my early friend and schoolmate. For many years we were associated together day by day, in an old familiar spot, rendered doubly dear by the many pleasing scenes that cluster around its memory, which even now, oftentimes tend to cheer and gladden many a lonely hour by their sweet remembrance, and near which, at Spring's earliest dawn, we have often when our lessons were finished, wandered together along the margin of that little streamlet, that ran so pleasantly and smoothly over its pebbly bed; dividing the orchard from the meadow back of the schoolhouse, gathering the bright green moss and the sweet springing violet, and delicate heart's-ease, which grew so luxuriantly on its banks. Light hearted, and free from care and sorrow, happy in the enjoyment of the present, passing hour, and forgetful of almost every other thought in the pleasure and excitement of our sport, till the voice of a companion, or the well known rap of our teacher upon the window sash, reminded us we were overstaying the time of indulgence granted, and with flushed cheek and a bounding step, we

were in a moment seated in our accustomed places, though not always without a gentle reproof from our indulgent instructor. Oh, how often do I recall that well remembered spot and those happy days then and there enjoyed! And amid all my wanderings during the long lapse of years that have since intervened, scarce a day passes, but my thoughts go back with fresh remembrance to those early scenes, and much loved friends whose names are deeply engraven on memory's sacred page, never to be erased. And when we were forced to bid adieu to our pleasant cottage home, with its thousand endearments, for the then considered, *far west*, Emily was the last to come, and with tearful eye, to impress the farewell kiss of affection, and to ask that she might not be forgotten.

Two or three years passed on, during which time I received several tokens of continued attachment from her pen; and at length the word came that she was married.

With the youth to whom she had entrusted the keeping of her happiness, I was not personally acquainted, but from reputation I felt that he was not worthy of her, and feared she had made an unwise choice which she would regret, when alas! it would be too late.

For a little time all seemed to appear bright and cheering; and her fondly cherished hopes she felt were yet to be realized. With the little means he possessed, he purchased a small house and a few acres of land, near her father's residence, hoping, by mutually combining industry and economy to succeed in their efforts to render their home comfortable and pleasant.

Years passed on, and I heard but little of them; yet often would my thoughts wander back, and the sweet remembrance of those brighter and more happy days came, like a pleasing dream, across my imagination; and the involuntary question would naturally arise in my mind, is Emily as happy now, and as free from sorrow and care, as then? But ever connected with it would arise a fearful, dark foreboding of ill, a cloud that no ray of sunny hope could penetrate seemed to hover around her memory, and a sadness that I could not dispel always pervaded my feelings whenever her name was recalled.

At length after an absence of ten years, my eldest brother was the first to return to our early childhood's home, and to once more revisit those friends and scenes so long endeared to us both. With me he had always felt a deep interest in the welfare and happiness of our mutual friend and schoolmate, and now she was among the first to share in his affectionate solicitude and attention. But alas! how was his heart pained to witness the sad, sad change! The poverty, the wretchedness and desolation of a drunkard's home were hers in their fearful reality and degradation. Habits that were early formed, and that he had not sufficient power and resolution to break through, had imperceptibly forced him on step by step, till he had been plunged headlong into that dreadful abyss, from whence there is no escape, and whose certain result is unavoidable wretchedness, ruin and despair.

He told me that he could scarcely recognize in the faded and slatternly form, the pale, haggard,

care-worn and prematurely old features, the once blooming, gay and happy schoolmate and associate of his school boy days. And the tattered garments, the uncombed hair and unwashed faces, of several otherwise bright and intelligent looking little ones, growing up in idleness, ignorance and poverty, told more fearfully the tale of misery and despair, than could otherwise have been expressed. Everything around spoke plainly of negligence and untidiness. The broken down fences, the dilapidated appearance of their humble dwelling, its shattered windows and creaking doors, all told, alas, too forcibly of the neglect and desolation, of the sadness and gloomy wretchedness within. His heart sickened at the sight, and its warmest sympathies were elicited towards those little ones, reared up under the baneful and ruinous influences of such pernicious and soul-destroying habits. One little golden haired, bright eyed, sprightly looking girl, who clung around him with affectionate caresses, interested particularly his feelings, and he earnestly plead for the privilege of taking her with him to his western home, to rear and educate her as his own. At first the parents listened favorably to the kind and benevolent proposition, but when the deciding hour came, they could not be persuaded to consent to her leaving them and going to such a distance, and so the idea, on his part, was reluctantly abandoned. And as he bade them farewell, and turned sorrowfully away, his mind was filled with sad and painful reflections, as he recalled the past, and contemplated the prospects of the future; and during the many years that have since intervened, I have frequently heard from her; but 'tis only a reiteration of the same sad, unhappy tale of prolonged years of increasing care, sorrow, and suffering endurance, which she has learned to bear with uncomplaining meekness and submission; still striving to toil and struggle on for the sake of her numerous little ones; without one brightning or cheering ray of hope from amid the dark'ning gloom, that he to whom she has entrusted her hopes of happiness will ever gladden her heart by turning from his evil ways, abandoning his vicious habits and companions, and seeking for the future by acts of unwearyed kindness and devotion, to make amends for all he has caused her to suffer. Alas! no! The weeks, months, and years roll round, and he remains unchanged, save that he is advancing step by step, slowly but surely, to fill a drunkard's grave.

The varied seasons come and go, but they bring no joys to her. Spring with its beautiful robes of green, its bright and clustering buds and flowers, only tend to mock her with their brilliance and beauty; for long since have the fragrant blossoms and the cherished flowers of her spring's morn been crushed and blighted, and the summer buds of hope, so bright and promising, have all early faded and withered away 'neath the destroyer's tread; leaving only the seared and perishing branches to be swept by the chilling and adverse winds of autumn's gathering gloom, and the cold, relentless blasts of winter's pitiless storms. Alas! how sad, and dreary and desolate the heart from whence bright hope has forever fled, and its radiant joys departed!

Oh, why is it that so many young, loving and trusting hearts, whose better judgment and the warning voice of friends whispers beware, will yet listen and yield to the pleadings, and run the risk of wrecking their hopes and happiness on that fatal rock on which so many thousands have been already lost!

When will those who are made the unsuspecting and innocent victims, and who are most assuredly the chief sufferers, have sufficient moral courage to discard, and in every instance disown the addresses of any youth, no matter how high his standing in society, who is either openly or secretly known to indulge in the intoxicating cup; for none can tell how far they may go with safety, and few care to stop and reflect upon the result of their sinful indulgence. And if the hope of success will not restrain the Lover, how can any have confidence, that when in the possession of the object of his wishes, he will easily be induced to relinquish his darling vices, or readily abandon his sinful companions?

True, in many instances the earnest pleadings

and influence of the faithful, devoted wife have been the means of saving the husband from final destruction; but how few would knowingly care to run the risk, or hazard their future peace and happiness on such uncertain hopes! The only certain safety is in the wise prohibition, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

Ah! who can picture to himself a more cheerless and desolate spot than that of a drunkard's home, or of a more heart sickening sight than that of his afflicted, suffering and beggared family?

Think of the tender and delicate wife, who was perhaps reared in luxury and refinement, and cherished with all the partiality and fondness of parental affection; think of her being compelled, as I saw it stated a few days since, to snatch her dying babe in her arms, and flee from her home at the cold and chilling hour of midnight to seek protection from the brutal threats and blows of an infuriated, drunken husband, who had solemnly pledged before God and man, to honor, protect, and cherish her. Think of the long and weary watches she is forced to keep night after night; hoping, yet fearing and even dreading the return of one, whose coming should be such as to be ever hailed and welcomed with delight. Think of the weeks and months of unceasing thankless toil, the years of untold anguish and suffering she is made to endure, for the sake of one, who will take even the last penny of her own hard earnings to gratify his craving appetite for rum, while his tender, helpless little ones are crying and starving for bread. And then think of the awful and fearful responsibility of those, who will knowingly, or otherwise, take this last, scanty pittance for that which he is fully aware will transform his devoted victim into a demon, fitted for any crime or deed of darkness and death; and then ask if it is a light thing to trifle with such a deadly foe; or if those are in no danger "who tarry long at the wine;" or if that thoughtless fair one runs no risk in linking her fate with one, who is known to indulge, even if it is but occasionally, in a social glass, or a little *harmless spree*; and of which he will often unblushingly boast even in her presence. And how frequently have I been pained to witness with what lightness and indifference such an announcement is by many such often received, and made the subject of mirth and diversion among them. And alas! too true is it, that as soon as they are sufficiently sobered to walk without assistance they will as readily take their arm, smile upon them as graciously, and welcome them as cordially as before!

Who then can wonder with this fact before them, that so many of our otherwise most promising young men, become addicted to habits of intemperance in their youth; or that so many wives are made utterly miserable and wretched all their days by a most unwise and injudicious connexion with them!

When will our youth learn wisdom, and take warning from the examples of the past, and avoid those sink holes of vice and pollution whose poisonous influence will, like that of the deadly Upas tree, lure them to certain ruin and destruction; and our maidens to shun the society, and to shrink from the embrace of such as wilfully yield to the voice of the tempter, as they would from the coil of the serpent, whose venomous bite they knew to be inevitable death? And Mothers, will you sit listlessly by and suffer your daughters to receive and reciprocate the addresses and attentions of those who would bring upon you and them unavoidable ruin and disgrace, and plant within your breast a thorn, that would continue to rankle and pierce it with keenest anguish, and prematurely bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?

But it may be deemed by many that I am too severe, and place too much stress upon that which they deem trivial and unimportant. Would that it were so, that we were not almost daily pained either by witnessing or hearing of some fearful illustration of the truths here feebly presented. But for the present I forbear. Should you, dear Lily, think these few unworthy thoughts thus hastily sketched, deserving a favorable notice, I may perhaps at some future time give you another

sketch or two, upon the same prolific and inexhaustible subject.

How cheerless and sad is the drunkard's home,
How wearily pass the hours,
No radiant beams of sunlight come,
To gladden hope's drooping flowers.
How sinks the heart, and the cheek turns pale,
As joys once bright and fair,
With life's most cheering prospects fail,
And yield to dark despair.
How cold and drear the lonely hearth,
When he who once would come,
And call it the sweetest spot on earth,
Now chooses abroad to roam,
To mingle with those o'er the fatal cup,
Who have lured him from that home
To yield his love and honor up
Before that demon's throne.
Ah! who can know the untold grief,
That reigns in sadness there,
Or to that heart can bring relief,
Breaking in lone despair.
Hers is a sorrow that knows no joy,
A gloom no smile can cheer,
A blighting canker that will destroy
All that makes life so dear.

LANCASTER, O., May 1, 1854.

Written for The Lily.

GOV. SEYMOUR NOT WANTED!

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—In reply to "Beck's" queries through The Lily of June 1st, I will say that it was myself, certainly, that was after wishing that some of your good "Temperance men" would emigrate to Ohio; but it is *not* myself that is willing to receive "Gov. Seymour and a few members of your last Legislature" in their stead. They will not "answer every purpose," nor any purpose at all. And we do not wish them to come here, for the simple reason that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Our Governor and Legislators, when contrasted with those of other states, are quite a respectable set of folks. And if they continue to progress as they have done for a few months past, we may expect that they will be getting up somewhere towards an equality with our "strong minded women," by the time they meet again at Columbus. No, no, my dear "Beck," keep your Governor and Legislators at home, even if "they can be spared." Somebody may be taking them for specimens of your native population yet, and write a book about the peculiar characteristics of the New Yorkers! Don't you suppose that we know the difference between *MEN* and monkeys? As our New York friends are so willing "to bear the Governor's traveling expenses to any part of the *known* or *unknown* world," may be they had better send him to the land of his ancestors; for I guess his genealogy ends where that of the celebrated Dumas begins.

As for letting the Czar have him, why, you can't get rid of him in that way, because "old Nick" knows the difference between *men* and monkeys, as well as we do; and he might take the matter in dudgeon, and declare war against the United States for trying to impose upon him in that way. And then, there is another consideration which you seem to overlook; sending off an evil is not eradicating it. If every community would take as much pains to regenerate its bad members, as it does to send them off, would not the world be growing better much faster than it does now? Transplanting an evil only makes it grow more luxuriantly. An evil is the most easily eradicated where it first takes root.

May be you had better try to regenerate "Gov. Seymour and a few members of your last Legislature," socially, morally, intellectually and politically, by giving them a thorough course of "water treatment." Permit me to suggest the propriety of subjecting them to a good *douche* bath at Glen Haven for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four during one year. And then, if they do not return into the world as regenerated men, just book them for a voyage during life in search of Sir John Franklin, or cage them up securely somewhere where there is nobody to be corrupted by their precepts and practices. Don't send them this way, my dear "Beck;" for if you do we shall feel in duty bound to resent the insult with becoming spirit.

COSMOPOLIS, June.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

For The Lily.

MR. ANGLE'S REPORT.

MRS. BLOOMER:—Publication, in *The Lily*, of my article, implies your permission to continue a concise review of Mr. Angle's report. Unexpectedly his bill was reached, on the general orders, and passed its third reading, without discussion or dissent. Time however for action upon it, in the Senate, was not allowed. Thus has been conceded that woman's withheld rights require legislation, and the principle of progress, in a proper direction is recognized.

On a hearing in the Assembly chamber, before Mrs. Rose's argumentative and admirable address, Miss Anthony stated, in detail and methodically, the woman's rights which she demanded, and likewise suggested appropriate remedies. I propose therefore some consideration, from time to time, of those claims—and their negative grievances—for the purpose of proving that to neither of them is applicable the following paragraph, extracted from Mr. Angle's report:

"Your committee will not attempt to present, or rather they will not attempt to define, the province and peculiar sphere which a Power we cannot overrule has prescribed for the different sexes."

Yet I will—nevertheless of this "artful dodge"—not only attempt to present, but demonstrate my antagonistic proposition, that so far as legislation, or other governmental regulation can be concerned, and especially in Miss Anthony's specification of claims, or "bill of particulars," as a lawyer named it at our convention, there is no such peculiar sphere or province. Afterwards I will allude to nature, the laws of which, unlike artificial or conventional rules, can never with impunity be disregarded by either man or woman. On this subject she has been much misunderstood by ignorance, and grossly misrepresented by impertinence.

First, then, I proceed to quote Miss Anthony's commencement:

"Woman and man, in her behalf and for his own benefit, claim as follows:—1st. An unequivocal declaration that woman's legal and political, or social existence shall not be, for any purpose, suspended by marriage, or thereby merged; and that all the incidents, constructions, implications, analogies, presumptions, intendments, conclusions, deductions and consequences, or results of such *feudal fiction* and pettifogging fallacy, shall cease in reference to the past, and for the present and future."

Your readers will perceive, in the last extract, much repetition and verbosity, almost ludicrous, but professional; because as there can be no limit to what jurists call judicial construction or exposition of *fiction*, every possible means of evasion, or rather nullification of remedial law must be counteracted by circumlocution, "according to the from statute in such case, not merely made, but also provided."

My purpose is not now to describe the legal condition and social position of woman under the civil law of declining Roman empire; or to speculate about how much of the feudal element was contained in Celtic, or Anglo-Saxon customs or traditions, constituting common law. The feudal system *proper*, whether of Scythian, Teutonic or Scandinavian origin, as introduced by Norman conquest into England, whence we have derived many of its maxims, will be my present subject, for which I have prepared by perusal of a chapter in Blackstone's Commentaries, and of Dr. Roberts' treatise introductory to his History of Charles V.

The theory of that system—and, unlike most theories it was practical—is that the "one-man-power" personified, or military leader who became sole monarch, and was worshipped, even before death-ordained apotheosis derived supreme authority, not from consent of the governed, but directly from God, whose vicegerent the great robber and consecrated hero assumed to be, as owner of all conquered territory which his followers had ravaged. He parceled it out, in process of time, capriciously, among his principal officers, denominated dukes, counts, &c., and converted by peace into courtiers. They in turn subdivided their large allotments, manors, or seigniories between subalterns and privates, the first of whom

became magistrates, sheriffs, &c., while the last sank into vassals, serfs, or villeins, *anglice* villains. As the conquerors or acquirers, whether Goths, Vandals, Huns, Franks, Lombards or other despoilers, issuing swarm-like from the northern hive of nations, were mere invaders, though like Aeneas "seeking quiet seats," they "encamped" as did Turks afterward, "in Europe." The general tenure of land allotments was therefore offensive and defensively, military service, with incidental aids, reliefs, forced gifts and other despotic exactions. Barons, self-styled nobility, were thus enabled to degrade, oppress and plunder their tenants, compelled either to forfeit their homesteads, for breach of fealty, or follow their Lords into petty quarrels, called feuds, because sustained by rent-service, arising from a *feud—fee or fief*. "My Lord," whether serving his master, the Monarch, fighting his peers, or levying black-mail, in most dastardly style, encased himself with armor, then impenetrable, except for the *coup de grace* of defeat. Thus rendered almost invulnerable, on a stout war-horse he rode, slaughtering and to slaughter, over unprotected peasantry; and after such promiscuous homicide, exultingly reviewed the massacre by moonlight, and hired a minstrel or *troubadour* to sing his *glory*. As woman would not, even when she could, engage in any such valiant exploits, she of course never became proprietor of *land*, from which all other property is either directly or remotely derived. In those days of yore, persons being either soldiers or slaves—without any intermediate rank or grade—woman necessarily declined into menial, or rather wigwam bondage. Her most elevating employment was chronicling small beer; and even when, as a knight-errant's *ladye-love*, she had been metamorphosed by Quixotic chivalry or its romance, from a down-trodden worm of the dust into a butterfly, "mere insect of a summer day," her condition was neither physically, mentally nor morally improved; because her lordly master had established, by his own selfishness and her acquiescence, the *fiction* to which I have already alluded. It declared that her legal *existence* was, to all intents and for all purposes, merged by marriage in her husband's being. In other words, two are one, and one is two, or both are but one person—"and that person is his highness the *husband*." Her sphere was so defined, or rather *confined*. Against such absurdity reason is unavailing, because it is required to attack the shadow of a shade less tangible than other vagaries, which, according to Blackstone, "become fundamental maxims and necessary principles; though in reality mere fictions of law." Yet upon such unmitigated nonsense as woman's nonentity has been founded, if folly can be a foundation, all her disqualifications. If therefore, Mr. Angle's committee had repealed that fallacy, which has been so long and thoroughly infused into our laws, customs or usages, he would have conferred upon humanity more benefit than could be bestowed by a score of such bills as he has prepared. Remove the sandy substratum, not basis, of woman's non-existence and its entire superstructure of disabilities and inequality, already leaning more than the tower of Pisa, must topple into "undistinguished ruin."

I beg leave respectfully to ask Mr. Angle and his committee associates, whether woman is stepping out of her appropriate *sphere*, and encroaching upon man's peculiar *province*, as well as peculiar institutions, when she asserts, in defiance of Hobbe's philosophy of illusion and phantasm, that she actually *exists*. Is not Victoria, although a wife, "every inch a queen?" A fig for Gallic law! Introduce its doctrine into families, and the human race would become extinct. Should it be said that the *fiction of merger* applies only to women whose legal existence has been suspended by marriage, I reply that this fallacy has, without excuse and against the reason, or rather pretense of it, been virtually extended to unmarried females; although wives are oftener coupled insultingly with lunatics, idiots and convicts. Those rights which man, the self-constituted voter, legislator, judge, juror and executioner, withholds, magnanimously, if he pleases, from his mother and wife, will not by him be conceded to the maiden or widow; in his green goggle-sight, matrons' con-

dition being comparatively that of dignity, if degradation, or rather *annihilation* can be other than mockery. Her "post of honor" is a private station only "when impious men bear sway." But what adds insult to injury is the stereotyped pretext with which all tyranny endeavors to excuse its atrocity and usurpation, that woman's legal non-existence is designed for her especial protection, and operates beneficially upon her interests. A German courtier of Queen Ann exclaimed in imperfect English to the shouting populace, "we've cum'd over here for your goods." "Aye," answered a wag, "for our goods and chattels." Before resort to such stupid courtesy, and crocodile kindness, it had been asserted, as reviewed by some wiseacre, that woman was *naturally* incapable of effective legal existence. Thus contumely, as in Frederic Douglass' case, was added to oppression.

Concluding this communication, (longer than any other which I shall inflict on your readers—may they be patient as well as plenty!)—I quote again from Blackstone—"Norman interpreters, skilled in all the niceties [more nice than wise] of feudal constitutions, and well understanding the import and extent of the feudal terms, gave a very different construction to this proceeding; and thereupon took a handle to introduce not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, but also such fruits and dependencies, such hardships and services, as were never known to other nations; as if the English had in fact as well as in *theory*, owed everything they had to the bounty of their sovereign *Lord*." "Feuds were not hereditary, though granted frequently, by the favor of the *Lord*, to the children of the former possessor; till, in process of time it became unusual, and was therefore thought hard, to reject the heir, if he were capable to perform the services; and therefore infants, *women*, and professed monks, who were incapable of bearing *arms*, were also incapable of succeeding to a genuine *feud*." Thus woman was treated as a conventional, veiled nun, *civilly dead*. So by a probable fiction, as contra-distinguished from fact, Englishmen—claiming nevertheless to be free-born Britons—were enslaved during centuries; and by a preposterous, nay impossible fallacy, *woman* is continued in bondage even unto this noon-tide of Christianity's nineteenth century. Such is the effect of judicial legislation upon fictitious folly, tending to the most intolerable of all terrestrial tyranny. Thus the time-serving *story* engrafted a *bohon upas bud* of slavery upon the *tree* of liberty which had grown in *free soil*. Mr. MADISON caused even the hated name of slavery to be expunged from a sovereign state's compact that has by *official construction*, or perversion, perpetuated and extended a "peculiar institution," which John Wesley denounced as the sum of all villainy. He also supposed hell to be paved with *good intentions* that toady to tyranny.

Mr. Angle, as a lawyer, knows that military service as *rent*, even hypothetically, has been abolished by a revolutionary statute, turning *feudal* into *allodial* estates—and yet, as saith Blackstone, "obsolete doctrines of our laws are frequently the foundation upon which what remains is erected." Fictions are but baseless fabrics, or air-castles, which it was Mr. Angle's business to blow away, instead of assuming, as in Hamlet, that the cloud looked "very like a camel" or a whale.

From *fictions* of feudal tenure the Runnymede revolution relieved our English ancestors, and by our revolution of 1776, their American descendants were emancipated from the *fallacy* of parliament sovereignty, and taxation without representation. Thus were maintained the inherent, and inalienable *rights of man*, who has inconsistently, nay meanly continued as to *woman*, a nonsensical but grievous *fiction*, which never had either presumption or analogy to render it plausible or even possible. But remember, women of these United States, that "truth is mighty," and with perseverance, "must prevail." Present disadvantages, instead of dismaying, or even discouraging, should stimulate us to increased and uninterrupted effort. Heart-sickening, disappointed hope is but deferred for a short season of day-preceding darkness.

LUCY LICHEN.

THE LILY:

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, JUNE 15, 1854

The late hour of our return home will account for the meagre state of our editorial columns. We shall hope to do better hereafter.

The Women's Temperance Convention.

We give but a meagre report of the proceedings of the Convention held at Utica, on the 7th and 8th inst. This report so far as it goes was gleaned from Utica papers and put in type before our return home; and as the paper was about ready for press when we reached home, we could only make here and there slight additions and alterations. The Society will probably publish a full and accurate report of the whole proceedings as early as practicable.

The meeting passed off most happily, and we trust it will be productive of great good to the cause. This officers and agents of the Society, with one or two exceptions, were all present. The reports of the Executive Committee and Treasurer show the Society to be in as prosperous a condition, if not even more prosperous, than at its annual meeting one year ago. A determination was manifested on the part of all to go forward in the work so long as their efforts were needed. Five and six agents have been in the field during the year, and their collections have amounted to nearly two thousand dollars. This money has been expended for the good of the cause. One of the agents told us she had lectured one hundred and fourteen times since last October. This shows an amount of labor expended in the cause equal to, if not exceeding, that given by any man in the state.

Altogether the Convention was highly interesting and pleasant; and it afforded us much satisfaction to be there.

Fourth of July—Women Orators.

Miss Clark, Miss Filkins, Mrs. Vaughan and other temperance women of New York have received invitations to give orations on the coming Fourth of July, in different sections of that state. It is becoming quite fashionable there to have women orators on the occasion of celebrating the anniversary of our national independence. Miss Clark, Mrs. Vaughan and ourself took the lead in this matter last year, and we are glad to see the innovation then made on long established custom is likely to continue. We shall not soon forget the pleasure afforded us by the Harford celebration, when attended by a committee of six women costumed in blue silk bodices, white skirts and trousers, we headed a long procession, and marched to the grove, keeping step to the music of the fife and drum. All passed off most happily, and we felt perfectly at ease in our novel position as orator of the day.

May the ladies who are to occupy the same position on the coming Fourth have as good a time as we had then. More we cannot wish or ask for them.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Letters containing money for THE LILY have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued :

Eliza S. Taylor, L. P. Haskell, Ann E. Whittemore, Mrs. Markham, E. K. Blackfan, Mrs. F. A. Brown, H. E. Burton, Amanda Lake, Ellen Stephens, Lydia Babcock, J. E. Griffing, Sarah Hiett, Irene Saint, Emily A. Brown, I. C. Bealle, J. L. Foster, Mrs. Gage, T. W. Higginson

Boston Convention.

The following is the only notice which we have yet seen of the Boston Women's Rights Convention. It is from the New York Tribune:

The Woman's Rights Convention has been held in the Tremont Temple, and has been attended by a large assembly from the first. Lucy Stone and Mrs. Emma R. Coe have been the principal speakers, and have presented the cause of women with great power and eloquence. Notwithstanding an admission fee the hall has been crowded. Many of the advocates of this movement were not present. Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, and Higginson and Parker, have been kept away by the fugitive slave excitement, though Mr. Garrison was present last evening and made the closing speech, and a most excellent speech it was. After alluding to the great crime that had been committed in Boston, which had so stirred and moved all hearts, he hardly knew what to say. But he went on to show that rights of all human beings are identical, and that we are to determine their rights by the law written upon our hearts. He counseled the women of America to go on with this movement, and in regard to this and the cause of human liberty in general, he took encouragement from the fact that the darkest time of night is just before day. In the darkness of the present he hailed the opening dawn of the future, when the principles of liberty and humanity shall be triumphant and universal.

LETTER FROM MRS. GAGE.

BELLEFOUNTAIN, IOWA, May 26.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER.—So the lords of creation who are so generous to woman; who land her as "heaven's best gift to man"—the soother of his cares, "the softener of his destiny," "the angel of light in his rugged path," "his sweet dependency," his clinging vine," "the sunbeam of his cloudy day," &c., &c., to the end of the chapter, these lords have concluded that woman has no right to support herself, at any business, trade or calling but such as they may choose to allow. Not even to pick up little bits of copper, or zinc and put them into little forms, make them into words, sentences and paragraphs, thereby improving themselves and their neighbors! No, no! That would never do.

Every man acknowledges the wrong of woman's position, industrially; and most every one says "it's her own fault." But let her attempt to right these things, to take a step to better her condition, and the sincerity of their profession is put to the test. I have found too often that these professions vanished away, and the voice of censure came as strong and harshly as from those who cry out "women have rights enough." They are willing the world should go tolerable strong for wrong in the abstract, for that kind of wrong is always unpopular." But to make earnest effort to right that wrong, is a wrong a little *wronger* than the wrong itself.

How grand and sublime a spectacle it must be to see a set of broad-shouldered, strong-handed, great-hearted men, claiming superior intellect grasping in their pride all the good things of this life, to perfect themselves in wisdom and knowledge; meeting in solemn conclave, and passing resolutions that they will not work in printing offices where a woman is employed.

But I have strong faith to believe that such men are not the majority; that the right-thinking, true-hearted ones will sustain our efforts, and give us strength to overcome these barriers that rise in our way, and if we remain true to ourselves, we shall succeed.

I am out on a trip of visiting, and killing, woman-like, two birds with one stone; for if women did not kill two or three birds at once, they would never accomplish anything but life's little cares.

Ten years ago, a beloved sister made a location one hundred and ten miles up the Des Moines river, in Marion county Iowa. I was invited to Burlington, to speak on the Temperance subject, and so resolved to extend my travels to Oscaloosa, and visit this beloved wanderer from the household, and her little family.

At Burlington I found the people in a warm ferment. The town authorities had excluded the

sale of ardent spirits. But a proposition was before the council to license beer shops, which every true friend of Temperance felt would be virtually giving to the dealers in more deleterious drinks the power to evade the law and do their iniquitous work, without control. Petitions were sent in without stint—the women were active, yet all did not avail. One strong, proud law-giver loudly boasted in council that "they were not going to be cowed by women and children," and the beer shops were licensed.

I could find no one in the town who could tell me of *one woman* not in favor of a prohibitory law. Will any one tell me, how, or where, these women are represented? Nearly one-half, (and that the best half,) of the voters are temperance men, Maine Law men; all the women are such, making three-fourths of the whole people, yet the loafing, drinking, unprincipled one-fourth bear rule; very *Republican* and democratic, is it not?

Burlington is a very showy and thriving place, surrounded by a rich country; there is every appliance of life here that one needs, good schools, and meeting-houses—and other things to correspond.

From Burlington to Mt. Pleasant, twenty-five miles, is as beautiful a country as my eyes ever beheld. It has no appearance of a new country, except the smallness of the fruit trees, and the apparent newness of all the buildings. Mt. Pleasant is a flourishing village of twelve hundred inhabitants, who seem to be enjoying all of life that is desirable, except a railroad, and that is staked out and begun, and by appearances will be coming right along. Till it gets there a plank road supplies its place.

I spoke three evenings in this place, in the Christian church, to large audiences, (for such a village) on the Woman's Rights question, and by invitation Sabbath eve, on Temperance, to as many as could find places within the walls. There is not a grog shop in the place, nor have I seen a drunken man since I left the river.

Fairfield is 25 miles from Mt. Pleasant, and is claimed to have 1,500 inhabitants. I sent notice ahead for a lecture, and had a good audience. I liked much of all I saw in Fairfield, and as a proof of the intelligence of the people I will state, they came forward and subscribed for eight Woman's Rights papers, the first evening. I shall call there again. Oscaloosa is 55 miles from Fairfield, the county town of Mahaska; some claim for it 2,000 inhabitants. But I will speak of it when I have seen it again, as I return there next week to lecture.

But permit me to say here to your readers, that if they are tired of the world, and resolved to emigrate, they will find Iowa upon the route I have traveled, possessed of attractions which must soon fill it to overflowing, with the best people in the land, and if they want a place, they must speak quick. The immigration is immense—two lines of stages each day from Burlington to Fairfield, and often three, four and five stages required to convey the explorers, among whom I am rejoiced to say, I have not yet found one "Anti-Maine Law," or Nebraska man.

The Iowa Code is so strong against drunkenness, and so kind to woman, that drunk drinkers and the tyrant don't choose to come here.

Ho! for Iowa, then, beautiful, sun-lit Iowa!

FRANCES D. GAGE.

THE SOCIAL DEGREE.—The Temple of Honor can boast of having the most tempting organization in the world. It is called the "Social Degree" from the fact that ladies are admitted, to take part in the ceremonies.—As neither the pass words nor mysteries have ever been divulged, the fact is established fairly and conclusively, that a woman can keep a secret; thus exploding a very foolish notion held by old fogies, a long time ago. Could we be permitted to reveal the secret of this "inner Temple," we have no doubt that all other temperance societies would at once disband, and sue for permission to be admitted into this most bewitching and attractive of all secret organizations.—*State Journal*.

WOMEN'S STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION OF NEW YORK.

The second Annual Meeting of the Women's State Society of New York was held in the city of Utica, on Wednesday the 7th inst. The attendance was quite large, and comprised persons from New York and several adjoining states.

The Convention was called to order by Mrs. VAUGHAN, President of the Society. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Thurston, invoking blessings upon the Society, and the cause of Temperance.

The President then addressed the Society. She congratulated them upon the great change in public opinion which had been brought about by the Society during the past year, in relation to the great question of legal prohibition. The proceedings of the Society during the past year, although conducted quietly, had exercised a powerful influence on the question of Temperance, and in fact the great change alluded to was mainly owing to this influence. There has been no relaxation in our labors, no shrinking from obstacles thrown in the way. Even when the bright sun of our hopes was clouded by the veto of Gov. Horatio Seymour, and when men yielded despondently, the women were not discouraged. My extensive correspondence has led me to believe that the temperance women of New York are fully equal to the men, in courage and unflinching devotion to the cause. The women of this State are firm and reliable. They have been tried and not found wanting. Shall we not press on with renewed vigor? Fierce battles are to be fought which require the exercise of courage and hope to ensure success. When the Society was first organized, it had to pursue an untried path, one beset with great difficulties, but they have been surmounted, and no step has been lost. From the past we have drawn lessons of courage; we have been taught to be still up and doing, to learn to labor and to wait. Our cause is just and holy, the prayers of the suffering are continually offered up for its success. It has for its object the physical and moral welfare of the unfortunate. But we must not falter. The blessing of the Most High will attend our efforts, and ultimately the curse of intemperance will be banished from the land. We have met here to hold the second annual session of the Society. Here let us labor, merging our individual interests in our love for the cause.

In retiring from the position of chief officer of this Society, allow me to return my sincere thanks to the members of the Society for their hearty co-operation. I accepted the office with reluctance, and I leave it without a regret, knowing that I shall be succeeded by one more worthy. In whatever position I may be placed as a member of this Society, I shall endeavor to discharge my duty with my best ability. Our platform is open to all. We are willing to allow even those who are opposed to us a voice in our discussions. We are met to take counsel on the eve of a great conflict. Let freedom of speech and thought characterize our meeting. The great question of rum or the Maine Law is to be agitated, and I trust that the Maine Law in the Empire State will be the result of the agitation.

We are sorry that our space will not permit us to give more than a sketch of Mrs. Vaughan's truly eloquent address.

The minutes of the last Annual Meeting were then read by Mrs. Albro, of Rochester, Recording Secretary, in a clear and distinct voice.

Mrs. Fish, of Victor, Ontario co., then read the Annual Report of the Executive Committee, which was adopted.

The Report of the Treasurer was read by Mrs. Marsh of Rochester, showing the following statement.

Receipts, including balance of \$246.37, on hand at the commencement of the year,

\$2,086.58

Disbursements, - - - - - 1,999.76

Balance on hand - - - - - \$86.82

The unfinished business being the question of an amendment to the Constitution, proposed at the last meeting, on motion of Mrs. Albro, the matter was postponed indefinitely.

The following Committees were then appointed by the Chair:

On Credentials.—Mrs. Albro, Miss Hine, Mrs. Lum.

On Organization—Mrs. Fish, of Victor; Mrs. Christie, of Horse Heads; Mrs. Corey, of Utica.

On motion, Mrs. Bloomer of Ohio was added to the Business Committee.

The different Committees then retired for consultation.

During their absence, letters were read from Neal Dow and others.

After an address by Miss Filkins, one of the Agents of the Society, (who requested the reporters not to report her remarks, as she did not wish to see her name in the papers) the Society took a recess to 2 o'clock.

2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Society again met and was called to order by the President. Mrs. Fish, the Corresponding Secretary, read letters from Hon. Gerritt Smith, (enclosing \$5.) Mrs. Nichols of Vermont, and Mrs. Frances D. Gage of St. Louis. Mrs. Bloomer of Ohio addressed the Society and from the Business Committee reported the following series of resolutions:

Resolved, That the act of Gov. Seymour in vetoing the Temperance Bill, passed by so large a majority of both branches of our Legislature was *treacherous* in its *design*, criminal in its enactment, a base betrayal of public trust, and a wanton *insult* to those who entrusted to him the interests of humanity, and as such deserves the *severest censure*.

Resolved, That the Veto act, whatever the motive that prompted it might have been, has opened afresh the bleeding wounds of hearts already lacerated and well nigh broken, riveted the chains of this giant demon, hoisted the flood-gates of iniquity, and rolled forward the tide of Intemperance which now deluges our land.

Resolved, That the exhibition of the *one-man power* in defeating the Maine law bill passed by so large a majority of both branches of the Legislature, so far from being any cause of discouragement, presents a powerful incentive to more vigorous and determined action on the part of Temperance men.

Resolved, That at this important period of the Temperance Reform, the woman who remains indifferent and inactive in the cause, who stands aloof and withdraws her influence in removing these evils, forgets her womanly calling as a "help-meet" and "ministering angel" to man, and is therefore "widely out of her sphere."

Resolved, That in actively promoting the cause of Temperance and the principle of prohibitory legislation, the women of this Society are consistently acting upon the advice so often gratuitously bestowed upon them, viz: "minding their own business," inasmuch as it is the business of wives, mothers and sisters to endeavor to control public sentiment, to give it a high moral tone, and to sway it in that direction which shall lead to the enactment and execution of just and righteous laws for the protection of the highest interests of mankind.

Resolved, That we regard the use of Tobacco as a fruitful cause of drunkenness, and that the alarming extent to which this habit prevails with the boys of our country, calls loudly upon parents to guard their children from acquiring an appetite for the poisonous weed, if they would save them from the drunkard's fate and redeem the land from the destroyer's power.

Resolved, That if it is the duty of women to use their influence to save the boys from the vile and corrupting habit of using Tobacco, it is equally the duty of fathers to let their example accompany the precepts of the mothers by total abstinence of the use of the poisonous weed.

These resolutions were discussed during the afternoon session. At the evening session speeches were made by the Rev. F. A. Spencer of Hartford Conn., Mrs. Angelina Fish of Victor, N.Y., Miss Filkins, Rev. Mr. Harter and Miss Emily Clark.

SECOND DAY.

Thursday, June 8.

The Society met at half past ten, the number in attendance being larger than at the morning session of the previous day.

The Committee on the nomination of officers reported, re-nominating the old officers. The report was accepted, and the officers elected as follows:

For President.—Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan of New York.

Vice Presidents.—Mrs. Dr. Lord; Mrs. Emily T. Trail, of New York; Mrs. J. Benedict of Utica; Mrs. C. O. Shepard, of Wyoming Co.; Mrs. S. D. Holmes, of Madison Co.; Mrs. M. S. Munson, of Weedsport; Mrs. L. F. Fowler, of New York; Mrs. Dr. Lawrence, of Port Jervis; Mrs. H. E. Hine, of Weedsport; Mrs. M. C. Gallup, of Palmyra; Mrs. F. D. Cory, of Utica.

Mrs. Nichols, of Vermont, and Mrs. Bloomer, of Ohio, were elected Honorary Vice Presidents.

For Recording Secretary.—Mrs. H. Atillia Albro, of Rochester.

Corresponding Secretary.—Mrs. Angelina Fish of Victor.

Treasurer.—Mrs. E. C. Marsh, of Rochester.

Executive Committee.—Mrs. H. W. Williams of Buffalo; Mrs. D. C. Alling, of Rochester; Mrs. C. W. Robie, of Buffalo; Mrs. E. P. Lum, of Seneca Falls; Mrs. M. W. Christy, of Horse Heads; Mrs. H. Booth, of Rochester; and Miss Emily Clark of Rochester.

Tellers were appointed and the vote had by ballot.

The election was nearly unanimous, there being only a few scattering votes.

The remaining portion of the morning session was taken up with remarks by Rev. Mr. Shephard and Miss Emily Clark.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Hon. J. Benedict, of Utica, stated that he was in the Legislature last winter, when the Maine Law passed. It was considered a remarkable thing that New York should send eight out of sixteen members in favor of the law. Some of them had told Mr. B. that their election was owing mainly to the influence of women, among whom Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan, the President of the Society, was pre-eminent for her zeal and activity. Two of them at least had told him that they would have been defeated, but for her influence. He suggested that Mrs. Vaughan favor the audience with an account of what she had been doing in New York.

Mrs. Vaughan having been called for, excused herself. She would prefer to postpone what she had to say until after some others had spoken.

The Tobacco resolutions were then taken up. Mrs. Bloomer said the resolution under consideration seemed to her to be one of great importance. The tendency to this vice in the young boys of this day cannot have escaped the attention of any observing mind; and if we may believe the statements of some of the best physicians of the country, in relation to the use of tobacco, it is a fruitful source of disease and crime. That it creates a thirst is admitted by those who use it, and that thousands are led to quench that thirst in the intoxicating bowl is a truth that cannot be denied. One of these poisons seems to imply and call for the other. Tobacco comes first in order, alcohol follows.

In view of these facts, what must we anticipate for the boys of our country who have so early become addicted to the use of the weed? Is there no fear that their future career will be an inglorious one, that they will be led to slake the unnatural thirst which tobacco occasions by a draught from the drunkard's cup? Does not this thought call loudly upon parents to look well to the habits of their sons? to fathers to set them an example of virtue and sobriety, by abstaining themselves from the use of the filthy weed—and to both fathers and mothers by their wise commands and counsels, to lead them to hate and shun this vice as they would that of its twin brother drunkenness?

It is a mournful truth that parents regard the tendency to evil on the part of their sons with indifference—as an innocent harmless habit. They

seem to think it a matter of course that they must grow up filthy tobacco chewers and smokers; and hence we see little fellows who have hardly escaped from their frocks smoking the cigar or long pipe in perfect imitation of their elders, and this too without reproof or warning from those who should teach them better. This practice if followed must prove ruinous to health if no more terrible results follow. Parents should take this matter into consideration, and act in relation to it according as they value the future happiness and welfare of their children.

Miss Donovan had suffered personally from the use of tobacco. Not because she used it herself, or that her father or brothers used it, for not one of her family indulged in its use. But she suffered while travelling in railroad cars and elsewhere. Young ladies who were so delicate and sensitive that they could not appear upon this platform, will sit for hours in conversation with filthy tobacco chewers, keep company with them, and perhaps become their partners for life. A gentleman once remarked to her that if the ladies would only do their duty the vile weed would be abolished. Numbers of young men are annually destroyed by its use. Why no longer ago than last year two of the most talented and respected young men in the city of Rochester, young men who never used intoxicating liquors, died of delirium tremens, brought on by the use of tobacco. This evil calls loudly for redress. Put away the noxious weed. A gentleman in Saratoga county who had spent the last fifteen years in investigating this subject, declared that he never knew a drunkard who was not a tobacco chewer. There are but two animals and one insect who use tobacco. The insect is the tobacco worm. One of the animals is the goat, who is so rank and noxious, so offensive, that the other animals avoid him and fly when he approaches. The other animal is man. Too many ladies meddle with tobacco. They are ever ready with their snuff boxes to hand around at sewing circles. Do not use it. Young ladies, do not associate or keep company with men who use tobacco, and if you do your duty the evil will disappear.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mrs. Bloomer presented the following resolutions from the business committee:

Resolved, That we hold in high consideration the faithfulness and integrity of the Joint Committee of the Senate and House, in fulfilling with so much truthfulness the trust committed to them.

Resolved, That those members who voted for the bill after the veto, are in our judgment worthy of the confidence and future support of the constituency they so honorably represent.

Resolved, That we regard the reply to the Veto Message as an effectual veto of that document, and of the flimsy pretexts of liquor drinkers, liquor sellers and liquor sympathizers.

Mrs. Bloomer read a series of resolutions passed by the Ladies Alliance, of Randolph, O., sympathizing with the objects of this Society. She also read the Inspector's certificate, giving the result of an election held by the women of Randolph, in October last.

The subject of establishing a new temperance paper, which should be the organ of the Society then came up and was discussed a full length. Miss Clark was in favor of adopting the Carson League as the societies organ, but the general feeling was in favor of establishing a new paper. The subject was finally referred to the Executive Committee.

The resolutions were then again taken up and Mrs. Vaughan related her experience in New York City, preceding the last election. Her remarks were highly interesting, but we are unable to present any report of them to our readers.

Mrs. Shepard and Miss Donovan also spoke at some length, and Mrs. Fish read a letter from Dr. Snodgrass, of New York.

EVENING SESSION.

The Society met at 8 o'clock, and was called to order by the President. There was a large attendance.

Mrs. Albro read a report from the "Ladies Stanfordville Auxiliary Society," organized by Miss Donovan, in May last. The society has held

two meetings, and obtained one hundred and thirteen signatures to the pledge.

Mrs. C. A. Harris, of Gorham, Ont. Co., delivered an eloquent and logical address, from manuscript. She prefaced the address by stating that she was surprised upon reaching this city, to find that there was no Temperance House here. She thought it a very proper place to be selected for the sessions of the Women's State Temperance Society. She noticed that there was a Lunatic Asylum in the city.

There was an abundance of satire in the address of Mrs. Harris which was duly appreciated and acknowledged by the audience. Her strictures upon fashionable ladies were peculiarly happy. After the conclusion of the address,

O. B. Pierce of the Rome Excelsior arose from among the audience, and throwing a genuine half dollar at the head of the Secretary, desired to be recorded as a member.

He moved that Mrs. Harris be requested to furnish a copy of her address for publication. Carried.

Miss Emily Clark offered a resolution, which she supported in a speech filled with pertinent and forcible suggestions.

Mr. Pierce then took the stand and made an excellent and strong speech.

Mrs. Albro offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this society tender their heartfelt thanks, to the citizens of Utica, for the kind and hospitable manner with which its members and delegates have been entertained during the sessions of this, its second annual meeting, and that this resolution be published with the proceedings of the meeting. Adopted.

Miss Sarah Pellet, of Syracuse, then addressed the Society.

She said that Gov. Seymour had been frequently alluded to during the Convention. The men who elected Gov. Seymour were to blame for the veto. They knew before the election that he was opposed to a prohibitory law.

Miss Pellet thought that if the Maine Law had been passed at the early part of the session the Governor would not have vetoed it. Its passage was postponed until the latest moment by wire pulling politicians.

Hon. J. Benedict offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of this Convention, and of the friends of temperance generally, are due, and are hereby tendered to the officers and agents of the Society for their exertions during the past year.

The question was put by Mr. Benedict, and the resolution adopted unanimously.

The Convention then adj. sine die.

Written for The Lily.
THE MOTHER.

BY MRS. JOSEPHINE N. DYER.

Grave doctors were in the parlor talking in suppressed voices. Husband with arms crossed behind, and thoughtful, perhaps sorrowful countenance, walked with measured tread back and forth across the sitting room floor. Sympathizing neighbors were hurrying to and fro, overdoing, in their anxiety to assist—complicating and confusing, where they thought to help. A pale, heartstricken woman was bending over the invalid.

"Oh, Sister!" she exclaimed, as the grief gushed forth that would not be controlled, "how can we spare you?"

"Ellen," exclaimed a feeble voice reproachfully, "spare your tears—or rather save them for the living. My children, oh, my children! Life has few joys, why should I wish to live?—but these little ones, how they draw on the heart-strings! My spirit would away, but they pull me back to earth again."

The old family physician closed the sitting room door softly behind him, and stood gazing upon the husband.

"Well Dr. what do you think of her?" he asked.

"She cannot live," he replied in a voice tremulous with emotion.

He had known the sick since the day of her birth; had been to her father what David was to

Jonathan; had closed the eyes of both her parents, and an only brother; had loved her as a daughter in the bright days of her girlhood; had seen her heart stolen by degrees away, until she poured its unbought treasures forth for One; had given her away, the happiest of happy brides upon her marriage eve; watched the gradual transformation from lover's wishes, lover's anticipations to the fearful deformity of married reality; had seen thick cares come crowding round, until in vain she'd looked to find the anchoring star on which her soul had oft reposed; but dismal clouds near and afar, deeper and darker hues disclosed; had seen amidst this "hand to hand" struggle with the cares of life, the evidence of a true woman's heart, that loves on and loves forever; that devotes her time, hope, health, yea, even life itself, for those loved ones whom now it wrings her heart to leave. Yes, that old doctor knew all this, and felt more than a physician's solicitude for her recovery.

"George," said he to the husband, "she must die."

"Can nothing be done to save her?—as long as there's life there's hope."

"Not always," he replied; her system is worn out; she is very much debilitated and cannot rally."

Then the doctor went to speak to the invalid. "Are you conscious?" said he bending tenderly over her, "that your time has almost come?"

"Yes Dr., and but for these," said she, laying her hand tenderly upon her new born babe, "I'd welcome death as a messenger of rest; but how can I leave my little ones? Who will have patience with my wayward Amy, or guide the passions of my noble Eddy, or love my darling Willie? None but a mother. If I could take this little nameless angel soul along ere it was sullied by contact with the earth, then I could go. Oh, have patience with a dying mother's agony; it is not for myself I'd stay."

"Daughter remember 'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' will take care of them."

"I do try but I see through such an earthly medium. My heavenly Father, help thou mine unbelief! Give me faith in thee."

George stood beside the bed, took the thin, cold hand in his. She raised her eyes to his face, and in an instant the whole future was before her.

"George," said she, "remember my children; don't let nearer and dearer ties entirely monopolize their places in your heart. Sometimes at least, remember her who, ere she was twenty-seven years old, had offered up her life a victim of care for them and thee."

Tears filled the eyes of the strong man, and he bowed his head and wept. He remembered how he had brought her scarce eight years before unto his "home and heart," a gladsome, joyous girl—a loved and loving bride. He remembered that as cares closed round her, he had gradually withdrawn the sympathy she so much needed, and she had been compelled to crush her griefs within her heart, or pour them out into the ears of her unconscious babes. A fearfully correct panorama of the past rose before his mental vision, and again he saw the pale, patient, care worn wife, gliding noiselessly around night after night, to minister to the wants of those little ones who had yet to learn that mother could be tired. Occasionally he had overheard a wish, wrung from her bosom's inmost core, for one night's sleep as she had slept of yore. It seemed a wish so cheap that he had thought the trouble small; but now he knew full well that it was these little nameless, ever recurring cares that had wrought the wreck before him. He felt that she had been slain by a refinement of cruelty that could not be expressed—by griefs that sensitive natures alone would feel. She had aimed with singleness of purpose at the literal fulfilment of her marriage vow. Self had been forgotten—husband and little ones her world—more had been expected of her than if she were a stranger. Her very love became a fountain from which exacting tyranny had drawn, while she had vainly hoped by toil, patience, self-denial and the visible accumulation of her infirmities to awaken at least his sympathy. All of his trouble had been hers; a wife and mother's care beside; frail from

the first, she bowed her head beneath the burthen, until its weight had crushed her.

"Oh, Ellen," said the mother to the weeping sister, "be a mother to my children; pray now for them and me."

And the sister offered up a fervent supplication to her God that he would calm the troubled waters of her sister's soul, and waft her peacefully away.

"Bring the children here that I may see them once more," said the dying woman, as the prayer was finished. The cloud of agony had gone; she smiled sweetly as she gave them a farewell kiss, and while yet exclaiming, "Father I leave my motherless little ones with thee," expired.

For The Lily.

A THOUGHT--MAY BE TWO.

BY A. M. POTTER.

You start upon a journey and travel east—again you start upon a journey and travel west—query, can you travel any further east than you can west? Will you see any more going east than going west? Really are you not in the very centre of the Earth? Is it any more miles round the world going east than west? and if no more, are you not in the centre? But this is a simple question—every one knows it—if he thinks of it.

My fellow-mind, are you not in the very centre of all Time—of Eternity also? You say no, at the first impulse; a moment, and you can scarce believe your own senses—to be sure you are right in the very centre. Starting forward, is there not an Eternity to explore, and that will take an eternity to explore it?—and starting backward on the line of Time, is there not an eternity to read, and that will take an eternity to read it? Or has there been a beginning to the Past? If to the Past, then an end to the future—of that there is no doubt. What an existence is yours, and mine, and every other! Two eternities to be understood, and requiring an eternity to accomplish either lesson! But do you shrink from the Past and look in all the fullness of anticipation on the Future? Do so, if you like; a long and interesting journey yours—forever traveling, forever seeing, forever hearing—learning.

But really, is the Past a blank? In this age when "the good time coming" forms the general song of the world, the Past is lost to the eye, and we seem reluctant to look back, as if we had learned all there is of it.

Can it be that no sad lessons, "nothing grievous to be borne," but which will result in a far more and exceeding amount of good is to be looked for, or found, at any rate, in the Future? Is man going to become something else and no longer man, and the Future one sea of glass, or fire? It may be so, but I don't believe it; if so, the Future must be very unlike the Past, that's sure. How full of lessons of every shade and character is the Past! Even the life of one who did live in it, what a lesson! No matter who he or she may have been, or when or where, it is the life—all written out and bound up—and you may read it, and run out upon its lines of influences if you have time, and you will have—what a history! The surroundings of its very organization, like enough born of low and vicious parents, or in the mild harmonies of a higher true life, thrown upon the world a beggar, or with bags of gold, conditions it may be at one time adverse, then favoring or otherwise, amid ignorance dark as blank, and learning only as the brute learns, or it may be, trained to thought and philosophy—in either case what a volume has Deity written for you to read!

But stop not to read one; read in the generals, all as one. Read on through nations age back upon age, till this cycle is read wholly. What lessons you have read man to the beginning? Then have you not been reading an Eternity? For whence did Man begin? Six thousand years ago? Perhaps so—but no matter; and is there nothing in the Past except this six thousand years? Have you read your volume out, when this mere nothing of your eternal Past is folded up? Be not timid—did your Father give you powers of a nature kindred to His own, and did He not live while the Past was unfolding, as your Future is unfolding?

And does He forbid your seeking after wisdom as after hid treasures? And are there no treasures in that Past of yours—lies there an eternity as long as there deeper, more Divinity-written, open to the reader of the Future? But what if from your starting point backward, as forward? And is the one a useless, barren waste, all ocean, and nought else, while forward is one ever varied scene? Has the good Father so taught us anywhere, and does He institute limitless waste only to show what waste is? If so, then explore it, for in so doing you may learn of Him. It cannot be that you have come to live in this very centre of eternity, and that one-half of eternity, save a mere swing of Time's pendulum—is a void! The Past shall unfold riches not less rich than the Future, for God surely cannot have so idly spent all the Past as that nothing remains. To-day is full of interest, full of influences radiating from everything, and absorbed by everything. Yesterday was like to-day—to-morrow will be like to-day and like yesterday. Such is the order of Heaven, let us study it and learn wisdom, and in our learning let us love the Past, and the Present—yes and future too—for we shall need the Future to help us in reading the Past. Just as if we traveled west, and in doing so were carried to the east.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—This bright May morning, with its singing birds and op'ning flowers half lit by the chilly night, reminds us of the ever changing mental world around us. In spite of cloudy days and stormy nights, a long cold winter and protracted spring, the stiff and lifeless limbs, the cold and frozen ground at last yield to the genial rays of a spring sun, and send forth fruit and flowers to cheer us in life's labor, and bid us hope that though dark and dreary may be our surroundings, still the great immutable law of Nature's progression will yet redeem man from ignorance, misery and woe. The elements of the mental world, after a long reign of darkness, have lashed themselves into a contention, which shall not cease until Earth shall be purified and cleansed from the blighting scourge of Slavery, War, Intemperance, Capital Punishment—until tyranny and oppression of every kind shall cease to be. Then Woman will take her stand beside her brother in all the highest duties of life. The leaven which shall enlighten a public mind stereotyped in its good opinion of itself is in the wind. It is blown from the east to the west, from the north to the south. The great Nation's pulse begins to throb with new life, and the public mind is reaching still higher and higher for new truths.

At the foundation of all reform lies that of Woman's elevation to that sphere which she was fitted by her Maker to occupy. When Woman shall have learned her rights, capacities and duties, and to fulfil them, she will have paved the path to the world's regeneration. When she shall claim her rights equal with man, he stands ready to grant all she asks. The greatest foe we have to contend against is of our own household; but this strong fort is being brought slowly but surely to the ground. Through the various instrumentalities in motion, a light is being brought to reflect upon the long quiet and submissive mind of woman, and she is at last waking to the reality of intellectual independence and self-responsibility as an atom, not a fraction, in the universe of mankind.

Each day brings blessings on your Lily—"sweet Lily," as an instrument to hasten this great work in the hands of woman. Haste the day when many such Lilies may flourish in our midst, nourished by the all-redeeming principle of love and kindness, sustained by the bright light of a purified world, rather than the tears of the million outraged as now.

Very Respectfully,

L. LINTON.

"Why don't The Lily come?"

DEAR MADAM:—The above question has been oft repeated during the last few weeks. It was a matter of wonder that it failed to come, and something of a disappointment, as we missed the fragrance of its bright leaves. In Frederick Doug-

lass' Paper of May 5th was noticed the following item: "Mrs. Bloomer, Publisher of The Lily at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, lately introduced a young lady into her printing office. The printers thereupon struck, and refused to work. The result was that the printers were told to go, and the lady, Mrs. Lundy, remained to print The Lily.

Very well, that accounts for the non-reception of The Lily, and we can afford to wait awhile. "Yes," says one of your subscribers sitting at my elbow, "I had rather lose the remainder of the year's subscription, and pay fifty cents besides, rather than that the Editor should prove recreant to the principles of Justice." And no doubt all your subscribers experienced a similar emotion. It was a fair illustration of man's boasted chivalry to woman. How beautifully the pretty vine twines around the noble oak; but how soon this cherished vine becomes a disagreeable hop vine, when man's interest or pleasure interferes with its closely twining tendrils!

When the fresh blooming rose reflects beauty and fragrance upon its possessor, how patronizing are the caresses bestowed upon it; but when its bloom is withered and beauty exhaled, it is thrown away and trampled in the dust. So with woman; when surrounded with youth, beauty and wealth, how lovingly does unselfish man proffer his protecting care; but when "weak, defenceless" woman, feeling the pall of poverty's dark wing brooding o'er her head, essay to engage in some respectable and lucrative occupation, her brother jestles her one side with look of contempt and words of scorn, because, forsooth, she will come in competition with the "lords of creation!" It is evident to the close observer, that the opposition to Woman's Rights, is because man fears to have woman come in competition with himself for the honors of science, and the emoluments of trade. Heroic chivalry! Beautiful dependence! Success to The Lily.

Yours sincerely,

BETSY D. HAWKES.

BETHANY, May 11th, 1854.

ENFORCING THE LAW.

Whatever may be the case in other places, the new Liquor Law is being pretty effectually enforced in Mount Vernon. Since the law went into effect, our officers have been on the alert, and a number of arrests have been made of persons found drunk in the streets. In several instances, the persons thus arrested plead guilty to the charge and were fined by the Mayor or Justice of the Peace, before whom the complaint was made, the sum of \$5 and costs. Three individuals had been bound over to the Probate Court, the June term of which commenced on Monday last by Judge GILCRIST. Much anxiety was felt as to the course the Court would take in these cases, and it was even confidently asserted by some, that it would hold the law to be unconstitutional, and altogether refuse to proceed in the matter. These reports we are glad to say proved entirely groundless. The Liquor cases were taken up in their order on Tuesday, and properly disposed of according to the requirements of the statute. One of the accused plead guilty to the charge, while the other two stood a trial, but both were convicted and all three sentenced to pay a fine of \$5 and costs and be imprisoned 24 hours.

Sheriff WADE had three of these worthies therefore to lodge with him on Tuesday evening, and we trust the lesson thus taught will have a salutary effect upon all. No convictions have yet been had, of persons for selling in violation of the law, but we hear of one or

two arrests, and we are assured that our officers have their eye on the offenders and will bring them up soon as a reliable case can be made out. The good effect of these prosecutions are already apparent. Drunken men are exceedingly scarce in our streets, and the rowdyism so prevalent during the winter months has almost entirely disappeared. Our citizens now, who reside in the vicinity of the Public Square can sleep undisturbed during the night—a thing they were altogether unable to do for several months past. We hope our Marshal and Policemen will persevere in the good work they have undertaken, and that our citizens will be ready and willing to assist them in so doing. The new liquor law is much more efficient in its provisions than the men who passed it, even thought of, and instead of proving a "nullity," will exert a powerful influence in checking the evils of intemperance.

—*Home Visitor.*

—Good Father Matthew has had another shock of the palsy. The physicians have advised him to try the air of Maderia. He does not avail himself of the advice for one reason only—he is poor. He did have a pension of £300. But to secure a debt contracted, not for himself, but for the Temperance cause, which has been so dear to him, it was all paid to obtain a life insurance policy. A Limbrick paper is the authority for this statement, which will make many friends sad.

—A large number of the citizens of Hillsborough have signed a pledge to enforce the liquor law in that place.

WESTERN HOME VISITOR.

D. C. BLOOMER.....Editor.
AMELIA BLOOMER.....Associate Editor.

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Written for The Lily.

ULLABY.

BY WILLIE EDGAR FABOR.

The day is done, innocent one,
The twilight shades come down;
The elfin sprite that roams at night
O'er closing buds hath flown—
Upon the hill and o'er the rill
A mystic melody,
Like tones of love in climes above,
Comes floating on for thee.

The dew full soon will gem the shoon
The twinkling stars appear—
And baby now with dimpled brow
Can lie down without fear;
For o'er her bed and round her head,
The angels from above
Calm vigils keep while baby sleeps
In kindly watch of love.

When rosy morn once more is born,
With all her blushing bloom—
My babe shall then, in play again,
Forget this falling gloom.
So on thy breast in sweetest rest
Lay hands in silence now,
And close thy eyes while darkness lies
On nature's furrowed brow.

HALEM, N. Y., April 1854.

ADDRESS

Of Mrs. A. T. Swift, of Penfield, who was elected Supervisor at the last election.

From the Elyria Democrat.

TO MY CONSTITUENTS.

As the reward of my labors in the cause of Woman's Rights, Temperance, Equal Rights for all, irrespective of color or sex, and kindred reforms, you have honored me with your votes. I am not the first woman who has been thus honored by you. The men generally like office, and the women stand a poor chance; you however have adopted liberal principles, and have done yourselves the honor to elect me Supervisor. It gives me great pleasure to see the men so ready to acknowledge the justice of enlarging woman's sphere of action; and it is with deep regret that I inform you that the Constitution of the State contains the following clause:

"No person shall be elected or appointed to any office in this State unless he possess the qualification of an elector." Art. 15, Sec. 4.

You see by this that I am Supervisor according to the votes of the people, but not according to the Constitution; and although elected, I am not permitted to hold the office. The framers of the Constitution must have entertained a diminutive opinion of the capacity of the white men of Ohio to select their rulers, when they inserted that clause. They have placed them nearly on a par with colored persons, women, insane persons and idiots. It is a great privilege to vote and not be permitted to select your own candidates; or when you do, and elect whom you please, to lose your vote, as in the present instance. You are a small band, but have shown your wisdom in selecting an office that requires few votes to ensure success. There are but six voters in the district in which I reside; I am informed that I received no support from them. I presume that I am the first advocate of Equal Rights, Temperance and Abolition who has ever received your support. I solicit a continuance of your favors, especially when called upon by your party to vote for men who support Stephen Arnold Douglass' infamous Nebraska bill, the Fugitive Slave law, and measures of a kindred character. Votes for such men are of more value to our country, lost, than saved. You may be assured that I shall continue to labor for the enfranchisement of colored persons and women, the suppression of intemperance &c. And when our government becomes truly Democratic, granting to all their inalienable rights, I shall be happy to accept any office, from that of Supervisor, to that now so dishonorably filled by Franklin Pierce.

For your encouragement I will name some of the offices that history informs us have been honorably filled by women, in other countries, and different ages of the world. Deborah ruled Israel

forty years. We are informed by the writers of antiquity, that Assyria had never been so great and prosperous as under the reign of Semiramis. We have accounts also of a great number of celebrated female Sovereigns, who have ruled with as much, and perhaps more honor to themselves, than the same number of Kings.

In England, women are allowed to serve in almost all the offices of the kingdom. Victoria fills the throne, and performs the duties of a mother with honor to herself and the nation. The office of Grand Chamberlain, in 1822, was filled by two women, and that of the Clerk of the Crown has been granted to a female. An unmarried woman having a freehold, can vote for members of Parliament. The Countess of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery held the office of Sheriff of Westmoreland, and exercised it in person. At the Assizes at Appleby, she sat with the Judges on the bench.

At the coronation of Richard II, Margaret Dimock, wife of Sir John Dimock, was the King's champion to challenge and defy all such as opposed the King's right to the crown. Henry VIII granted a special commission to Lady Anna Berkley to try rioters. She sat on the bench in the Session Hall, impaneled a jury, received evidence and sentenced them. The offices of Marshal, Governor of a Work house, Sexton, Commissioners of Sewers, Keeper of the Prison, of the Gate House, of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, Returning officer for members of Parliament, Constable and the office of Jailer are frequently exercised by a woman.

In 1529, Margaret, aunt of Charles Vth, and Louisa, mother of Francis Ist, met at Cambray and settled the terms of pacification between the French King and the Emperor; thereby establishing a general peace in Europe.

Is it not strange that a people indebted to the intelligence and energy of the illustrious Isabella, Queen of Spain, the patroness of Columbus, for the discovery of this Continent, should refuse to allow women to participate in the government of this country, or even hold the office of supervisor? One of the greatest evils resulting from the law depriving women of the elective franchise, are the laws which deprive women of equal rights with men in the holding and disposing of property.

And can women look alone to men for redress, when husbands, sons, fathers and brothers have so long consented to, and made laws which, when death comes and removes the husband, robs their wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of the homes which, in most cases, their industry and economy have enabled their husbands to procure? Guardians appointed for their children, and they treated by the law like idiots and lunatics, and both mother and children robbed of a large sum to pay for the settlement of the estate by law?

I would like to see the laws regulating the disposal of property reversed—not that I wish to see the men oppressed, but to make them feel the wrongs and injustice inflicted upon women. Ah! methinks we should hear one loud, universal cry for man's rights. They would hold indignation meetings in every school district, and instead of publishing four or five man's rights papers, every paper, even those of the old foggy stamp, would be filled with man's rights. And, believe me gentlemen, your arguments and efforts to promote the cause would not be met with ridicule by the women. Oh, no; they love their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers too well to meet them thus. They would unite their efforts with yours, teach their children to do the same, and we should soon hold a glorious jubilee to celebrate the consummation of man's rights.

But there is a good time coming! We have some of the best talent in the country enlisted in our cause. With such women as Mott, Davis, Bloomer, Rose, Foster, Hunt, Nichols, E. Oakes Smith, Gage, Severance, Stanton, Rev. Antoinette Brown, Lucy Stone &c., with Giddings, Greeley, Hale, Smith, Phillips, Burleigh, Higginson, May, and in our own State, Townshend, Bliss, Langston, Griswold, Herrick and a host of others too numerous to mention, we cannot fail of success.

ADELINE T. SWIFT.